O, and you will have me live, play hearts eaſe.
Fid. Why hearts eaſe?
Pet. O Muſitians, becauſe my heart it ſelfe playes, my heare is full of woe.
O play me ſome merry dump to comfort me.
Min. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Min. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minſtrell.
Min. Then will I give you the ſerving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:
Doe you note me?
Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit.
I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger;
Anſwer me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then muſicke with her ſilver ſound.
Why ſilver ſound? why muſicke with her ſilver ſound? what ſay you Simon Catling?
Min. Marry ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Pratee, what ſay you Hugh Rebicke?
2. *M.* I ſay ſilver ſound, becauſe Muſitians ſound for ſilver.
Pet. Pratee too: what ſay you James ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer,
I will ſay for you: it is muſicke with her ſilver ſound,
Becauſe Muſitians have no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſilver ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe.

Exit.
Min.

Min. What a peſtil
M. 2. Hang him Ja
Mourners, and ſtay din

Rom. If I may truſt
My dreames preſage ſo
My boſomes Lord ſits
And all this day an un
Lifts me above the gro
I dreamt my Lady can
Strange dreams that g
And breath'd ſuch life
That I reviv'd and was
Ah me, how ſweet is
When but loves ſhad
E
Newes from *Verona*
Doſt thou not bring m
How doth my Lady?
How doth my Lady
For nothing can be ill
Man. Then ſhe is
Her body ſleeps in C
And her immortall p
I ſaw her laid low in
And preſently tooke
O pardon me for brin
Since you did leave i
Rom. Is it even ſo
Thou know'ſt my lod
And hire poſt horſes
Man. I doe beſee
Your lookes are pale
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou
Leave me, and doe t